

Field Day

by Graymalkin

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Summary: It's Hogwarts first ever Field Day (This is my first fanfic, please excuse its horribleness! It's just a random fanfic w/o meaning or mystery, enjoy! I love reviews!)

1. Default Chapter Title

Field Day (Part 1) by Graymalkin

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"What team are we on, Hermione?" Ron asked impatiently from behind a mass amount of heads in his way. As he said this, Hermione emerged with effort from the group and straightened herself up.

"We_ aren't on a team. Ron, you and I are on the blue team. Harry, you're on the red."

"What?? They separated us?" Ron exclaimed angrily.

"Seems to be that way. I bet you anything Snape was in charge of the teams," Hermione replied.

"Who else is on the red team?" asked Harry, looking rather upset.

"I didn't really have a chance to see, I was being a bit jostled," she replied as she fixed her hair, which had partially come out of its ponytail.

The reason for all the scramble and excitement was that the teachers had organized the first ever Field Day at Hogwarts. They had divided the students into two teams, Muggle style, regardless of house, and had picked sports and activities for the teams to play. It was thought of as a way to unify the students into a competitive yet fun day of no classes. The activities were a complete surprise, and the students had no idea what was in store for them the next day.

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Harry bolted up in bed in fright at the loud sound coming from outside. He, and the other boys in his dormitory walked to the window and saw outside something they couldn't have imagined. The grounds were completely transformed. There was a huge pool in one corner, behind the Quidditch fields, and a track in the center of the grounds. Tables were everywhere with red and blue tableclothes on them, and red and blue streamers were everywhere. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and there were all the professors on the ground, wearing black pants and black t-shirts instead of their usual robes, and Professor Dumbledore held up a megaphone.

"All students are to put on their team uniform and report to the track in twenty minutes!!!" he belted out.

Harry turned back to his bed to find red warm-up pants, red swimming trunks, and a red t-shirt. The t-shirt said Field Day 2000 on the front and Potter on the back. He also noticed Ron, Dean, and Neville had blue uniforms on their beds, while Seamus had a red one.

"One more thing!" came the sound of Dumbledore's voice from outside. "Leave your wands inside!"

"Well. . .I guess we better get dressed," said Seamus, stating the obvious. The boys walked into their washroom and got dressed, then walked out into the common room. It was a sea of red and blue. Harry and Ron found Hermione talking to Lavender, who was also wearing blue.

"I wonder why we can't bring our wands!" exclaimed Lavender.

"I have no idea but we better start heading down to the grounds, it's already been ten minutes," responded Hermione.

The four of them quickly found their way through the castle and walked out through the massive front door. Hagrid was waiting for them, looking extremely uncomfortable in black pants and a black t-shirt. He seemed to find it necessary to wear a black shirt underneath his t-shirt. Now that Harry thought about it, he had never seen Hagrid's arms. . .

"Red team," he said pointing to Harry. "Ye' need to git ye'self on the right side of the track. Blue team meets on the left."

The four students walked quickly across the grass towards their designated spots. Harry noticed there were only two people clad in red so far, sitting in the grass. He recognized one as a Ravenclaw fourth year (same year as him) named Samantha Noggle, and the other as a Ravenclaw fifth year named Cho Chang. They were talking excitedly about a house party they were throwing after Field Day that

night.

"Hey," Harry said as he approached them.

"Hi! Harry, right?" asked Cho.

"Yeah," he replied rather sheepishly.

"Cool, you're on our team! The red team rules!" shouted Samantha rather loudly. "I'm Samantha, you can call me Sam, and this is Cho."

At that moment a huge group of red team members came over and Harry felt rather small and lost without his friends with him, until he heard an "Oy! Harry!" from behind him and found George Weasley shaking him by his shoulders.

"Hey George," Harry managed to say through the jostling. "Where's Fred?"

"Man, they separated us! I'm sure Snape was in charge of the teams. He split up you three!"

"Yeah, I know, and of course left me without the two of them."

"Well, I'll see you around, there's this smashing Hufflepuff seventh year on the red team and I wanna get to know her better," George said, nudging Harry playfully.

Harry waved goodbye and went in search of Seamus. At that moment, the loud voice of Dumbledore filled the grounds.

"Attention all students! We'd like you all to sit down exactly where you are. Field Day 2000 will begin right now. Hopefully you all still don't have any idea what you'll be doing today. Good, that's the way we want it. The first half of the day will be devoted to more strenuous activities, including track and field events and swimming events. First the teachers will come around and assign you to your events. You'll have to remember when you're running and what you're running. We'll have relays, dashes, and distance running. Then when we've finished the track events, we'll have our swimming events, which will include relays and regular races. I hope you all know how to swim!"

Harry saw that a look of horror came over Neville's face from the other side of the track. He had a feeling Neville wouldn't be having much fun today.

"Then we will have a break for lunch and drying off. For lunch we have quite the muggle treat. If you're from Muggle families, you'll know what these are. If not, you're in for a treat. Hot dogs!! Professor Snape and Professor Flitwick will be barbecuing hot dogs over by the lake and there will be other side dishes, mostly American food like potato salad, coleslaw, and potato chips. Also, a special treat, cola! Then after lunch, we'll return to the track for the more fun events, which will be surprises, then we will all go to the Quidditch field for a red vs. blue game! Does everyone understand?" People nodded. "Good, let the games begin!!"

2. Default Chapter Title

Field Day (Part 2) by Graymalkin

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"One more thing!" shouted out Professor Dumbledore. "No magic today!! Nothing has been done magically except the set up of the pool and track, and the charm on the pool to keep people from drowning if they can't swim. We teachers will not be using magic either."

"No magic??"

"I can't run fast at all!"

"I can't even swim!!!"

Harry seemed to be the only person looking forward to the events. If there was one thing he could do well, it was run. And thank goodness for that, he would have been beaten into a pulp by his cousin if he couldn't.

Professor McGonagall came over then and started telling students what their events would be. After about ten minutes Harry heard his name being called. He stood up and walked over to the professor.

"You'll be running the 800 yard dash and will be in the 400 yard relay with Seamus Finnigan, George Weasley, and Cassie Clearwater. Then you'll be swimming a 50 meter freestyle race and a 200 meter breaststroke relay with Samantha Noggle, Gregory Butter, and Pansy Parkinson. Got it?"

Harry nodded. His only problem was, he could remember the last time he had been swimming, and it hadn't been a fun experience. The Dursleys had taken him with them to the swimming pool one time, and Dudley had found it amusing to chase him around the pool and hold his head under as long as possible. Harry had spent the rest of the day hiding in the locker rooms. He wasn't looking forward to the water events. The running on the other hand. . .

The voice once more boomed through the megaphone. "Has everyone gotten their events?" Everyone nodded. "Good! We'll start with the 50 yard dash."

As people ran, Harry watched. Most people weren't very good runners, as there weren't many opportunities for physical activity at Hogwarts except Quidditch, and that didn't include running. There was a big scoreboard behind the field keeping track of the points. By the time the 800 yard dash came around, the blue team was winning by ten

points.

"800 yard dash!" Dumbledore yelled.

Harry walked over to the track and walked over to lane 8. He looked over to see who he was running against. The colors were alternating, and he found in lane one Ron! He didn't know any of the other runners very well, except in lane 7 was Malfoy.

"Ready to lose, Potter?" Malfoy sniped.

"Not as ready as you should be," retorted Harry, knowing he could beat Malfoy any day.

"Runners get ready. . .take your mark. . .GO!"

Harry bolted immediately and after about fifteen seconds he was quite a length ahead of the rest of the runners. But after about thirty seconds, Ron and Malfoy both started gaining on him, along with a Hufflepuff girl. When Harry reached the 400 yard mark, he and Malfoy were neck and neck, while Ron and the girl had dropped behind a bit. He and Malfoy continued to alternate the lead. When there was about 100 yards left, Malfoy was obviously tiring, and Harry decided to give himself a burst of power and took the lead by about five feet. He crossed the finish line first, with Malfoy right after.

The red team burst into applause and shouting. The rest of the runners soon finished, with two blue team members lagging behind. They all came over and congratulated Harry, except Malfoy who tried to trip him, coincidentally tripping himself in the process.

Harry returned to the red team fairly proud of himself.

"Nice job, Harry!" called George. "Glad you're on my relay team!"

"Thanks," he replied, then walked over to where Hermione and Ron were sitting at a table drinking lemonade.

"Nice running, Harry!" said Hermione.

"Thanks," he said again.

"I had no idea you could run like that, are you as good a swimmer?"

"Not quite," Harry said chuckling.

"400 relay!" Dumbledore hollered.

"Well, that's me," Harry told his friends.

"Me too!" Hermione exclaimed. "Oh no, now my team will lose!"

"Not necessarily, I have no idea how my team members run."

They trotted over to the track and Harry found his team in lane 4.

"Harry's here!" Cassie exclaimed. "You can pick the order we run in,

Harry."

"Okay. . .let's see. . .I'll run last, Cassie, you can be third, George, you're second, and Seamus, you're first."

They got in their positions and at the sound of "GO!" Seamus started running. Unfortunately, he wasn't even close to being a good runner and tripped over himself after his first few steps, giving the other teams a good lead. He got up and ran as quickly as he could to George and handed him the baton. Thank goodness George was a good runner because he caught up well with the other teams, then handed the baton to Cassie. She could run semi-well but the other teams gained a lead once again. She approached Harry and handed him the baton, and Harry took off.

He passed up two of the teams but couldn't catch the one in first place, which happened to be Hermione's team. Her team finished first, with Harry just a few feet behind. After the rest of the teams finished, they did their usual congratulating of the winning team and then Harry and his team congratulated each other.

"Oh man, I'm so sorry about that, I am definitely not a runner," Seamus repeated, extremely red from both embarrassment and excursion.

"Oh, it's no problem, we all ran our best," Harry assured.

Since there were only two more track events left, the team stayed and watched the 800 yard relay and 1600 yard relay.

"I'd like to congratulate everyone on wonderful running and wonderful sportsmanship," Dumbledore said. "After all the track events, the score is Red Team, 148 points, Blue Team, 164 points. If everyone will please move to the pool, with the red team on the left side and the blue team on the right. I hope everyone remembered to put on their swimsuits!"

Harry heard Neville groan loudly.

3. Default Chapter Title

Field Day (Part 3) by Graymalkin

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> Author's Note: Sorry this took me so long to put out! I hope to have the fourth and last parts out in the next day or so, but I'm also working on this fanfic that I like better so it's hard for me to tear myself away to finish this. If you like X-files, the next one is a crossover, and is going to be good hopefully.

****Field Day (Part 3)****
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When Dumbledore had stopped talking, the students quickly walked over to the pool area. The students stripped down into their swimming suits and Neville quickly ran back to the castle to get his swimming trunks.

Harry started to get nervous. His event was first and he could barely keep his head above water. He quickly walked over to Professor McGonagall.

"Um, Professor?" he called.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?"

"Well, I have a small problem. . .I can't swim, I don't know what freestyle is, and I have a slight fear of large bodies of water," he told her, feeling rather stupid.

"Is that so. . . Let's go see what Professor Dumbledore has to say about this," she replied, quickly leading Harry to a table in front of the pool. Harry saw her walk over to the headmaster and whisper something in his ear.

"So, Harry, you can't swim," Dumbledore said almost too loudly.

Harry heard a group of girls that were close by snicker. He noticed they were second years and gave them a menacing glare.

"What am I going to do, Professor?"

"I'm not sure. Would you like to be taken out of the races?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"People will notice that you didn't swim," he warned.

"I don't care, I'd rather them notice I didn't swim than notice me swimming," he replied.

"All right, you don't have to swim. But please don't tell the other students, I don't want them to think I have favorites," he said with a wink of his eye.

With a sigh of relief, Harry went off to find Hermione and Ron. They were sitting in the grass off behind the pool with Ginny, Dean, and a third year Harry knew as Yuri Bakla. He walked over and sat down between Ron and Dean.

"Hey Harry!" Hermione exclaimed. "I can't wait to swim, I love being in the water."

"Oh, yeah. . .me too," Harry said reluctantly.

"What's wrong?" Ginny asked.

"Well, I'm not supposed to tell people, but I'm not swimming."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I can't, and I didn't want to make a huge fool out of myself. And since I seem to be favored by Dumbledore, he let me drop out."

"Try to visit us this summer and Dad can teach you out to swim. He taught all of us," Ron offered.

"Thanks but no thanks, I'd rather stay out of the water," Harry replied.

"Suit yourself. I think they're starting, and I'm in the first race. Let's go over to the pool," Ron suggested.

They walked over and Harry returned to his red side while the others walked over to the other.

After Harry watched a few races by himself, he saw a familiar trio walking his way. The small boy had his two husky sidekicks walking on each side of him, all three of them wearing blue.

"So famous Harry Potter can't swim, and Dumbledore let him drop out, how cute," Malfoy said as he approached Harry.

"You really have no room to talk, Malfoy, I beat you running. We all can't be good at everything. How many times have you caught the Snitch so far?" Harry retorted.

"Well, you're going down in Quidditch tonight," he said, scowling as he turned around and left, with Goyle and Crabbe following.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He couldn't stand Malfoy and his little gang. And he didn't like the way he felt and acted around him either. Malfoy brought out the worst in people.

After watching people swim, chatting with Seamus, and explaining to his relay team why he couldn't swim, Harry was relieved when the swimming events were over.

"You all did a wonderful job swimming!" Dumbledore said. "The red team now has 263 points and the blue team has 357 points. It's neck and neck so far! And it's time for lunch, go mingle with your friends and enjoy the food!"

Hermione and Ron quickly found Harry and they wandered over to the barbecue, lagging behind the rest of the students.

"Are you having fun, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, but it'd be a lot more fun if the three of us were on the same team."

"I know, it's weird that we're not all together all the time," Ron commented.

"Oh well, we have all lunch together."

They reached the barbecue and found a huge layout of food. The smells of hot dogs cooking found its way to their noses and Harry realized how hungry he was. They grabbed plates and hot dog buns (Hermione explained to Ron what he was supposed to do with it) and went over to



the pits where Snape and Flitwick were standing. They placed hot dogs in their buns and the three went over to the huge spread of food. There was potato salad, pasta salad, coleslaw, potato chips, french fries, macaroni and cheese, and vegetables. Then on the next table were the desserts: brownies, cake, ice cream sandwiches, cookies, and donuts Harry took a little of each, saving desserts for his next trip up, grabbed a can of Coke, and led his friends to an empty table.

After eating in silence for awhile (except for Ron's comment on the peculiarity of a hot dog), Hermione began to talk about how she thought Samantha Noggle had a thing for Harry. After turning a lovely shade of scarlet, Harry shook his head and complained that Hermione said that about everyone. Ron just chuckled and went to throw away his plate.

"Oh, you didn't like your hot dog?" asked Hermione, noticing he had just taken a few bites.

"Definitely not. I don't even know what it is, what it's made of, and I don't like the shape."

"I guess it's an acquired taste," Harry suggested.

They all finished up and grabbed ice cream sandwiches, then idly walked back to the track. A few other people were hanging around there talking and soaking up sun in the grass.

They were just about to sit down also when Dumbledore announced it was time to resume playing and would everyone finish up. Harry returned to his side of the track and to another segment of Field Day.

End  
file.